

Englands Ioy.

E

E **E**Nglands blisse, & blessed *Queene*,
L **L**ive your praises in perfection,
I **I**n your Subjects hearts be scene
Z **Z**eale in humble loves subiections
A **A**ngels in your love attend you,
B **B**lessed I a s v s euer blisse you,
E **E**uer so his hand defend you:
T **T**hat no harmfull thought distresse you:
H **H**oly powers of Heav'n preserve you:
A **A**nd, all faithfull subiects serve you.

R

R **R**oyall Graces euer grace you,
E **E**uer true Love live about you,
G **G**lorious Angels armes embrace you:
I **I**oy in England none without you,
N **N**one but Grace, and Vertue note you,
A **A**nd the world for wonder Cote you.

Pro patria quisque



Hostes ut serpentes.

Fayth.


Loyalty.

Valour.

Wildome.

Englands Ioy.

E

E  Nglands blisse, and blessed *Queene*,
L Liue your prayses in perfection,
I In your Subiects harts beeseene
Z Zeale in humble loues subiection
A Aungels in your lone attend you:
B Blessed *Iesus* euer blesse you,
E Euer so his hand defend you:
T That no harmefull thought distresse you:
H Holy powers of Heau'n preserue you:
A And, all faithfull subiects serue you.

R

R Royall Graces euer grace you,
E Euer true loue liue about you,
G Glorious Angels armes embrace you:
I Ioy in England none without you,
N None but Grace, and Verne note you,
A And the world for wonder Cote you.

Englands Ioy.

Reioyce O England, sing, and clap thy hands:
For, God himselfe, doth for thy safetie fight:
No foe so great, but that thy force withstands:
It is so strengthened by the heauenly might.
The Irish Rebell and the Spaniardes pride:
Before thy face doe fall on euery side.

The Noble Lord, *Mount Ioy* that Champion true:
Of honours choise, in Vertues Chiuallrie:
Hath put to flight, that coward Rebell Crue
Of proude *Tyrone*, and made the Spaniards fle.
Don Iohn de Aquila with all his traine:
With little comfort are return'd to *Spaine*.

The Irish Rebells, now doe keepe their Caues:
Amidde the woods, like Wolues or rauening beasts:
Where all like out-lawes, or vnciuill slaues:
on grasse and shamrocks, now they make their feasts:
O England, neuer, better newes can be:
Then thus to heare, how God doth fight for thee.

Now shalt thou heare of nothing but confusion:
Vpon the head of all thy harmefull foes:
Now shall the Rebells finde the full conclusion,
That in the end of all Rebellion growes.
And *Spaine* shall fret, to see his pride puld downe:
And God preserue, thy Soueraigne & her Crowne.

Now

Englands Ioy.

Now shall the Pope with all his practise faile:
The hope of Traitors all be ouerthrowne:
Nor Pope, nor Spaniard now shall none preuaile:
To doe thee hurt, that but defend't thine owne:
Now serue thy God, and giue him thanks for all:
And keepe thy faith, and thou shalt neuer fall.

Be true I say, and faithfull to thy God:
And euer loyall to thy Soueraigne Queene:
For whose loues sake, he doth forbear his rod,
That hath been long in other countries seene:
He will not suffer any to destroy thee:
But overthrow their forces that annoy thee.

In Eighty Eight, how did he by his hand,
Scatter the Nauie of the Spanish fleet?
And now in Ireland, in their hoped land,
How hath he troden their forces vnder feet?
Where noble *Mount Ioy* in deserued fame:
Eterniz'd hath the honour of his name.

He beares the Sunne, and like the Sunne he driues:
Proud swelling cloudes to wander with the winde:
And vnder our bright Sunne of light he liues:
Who giues a gracious light to such a minde,
As, so deserues her Grace, to giue him light:
That he be euer gracious in her sight.

Englands Joy.

Now let all hearts of happie England praie:
Vnto our God of glorious mercies power,
That he will still be our almightie staie:
Our Rock, our Castle, and our heavenly tower:
That in his mercie, we may fearelesse liue:
And to his gracious loue all glorie giue.

Let vs still praie, that he will still preserue:
Our gracious Queene in his eternall grace:
And giue vs grace both him and her to serue:
And all vnfaithfull Traitors to deface:
To spend our liues, but in our countries cause:
And be obedient, to her blessed lawes.

Rebellion is the sinne of witch-craft nam'd,
And witches are but Diuells in their natures,
Oh hellish fiends, to the deuill fram'd.
Which so deceiue but the accursed creatures.
Oh cursed sinne that euer man should know thee,
God blesse all English, and good Christians fro thee.

And, since that truth, doth trie our euery thought,
Wherein the depth of euery sence is founded,
Against that truth, who hath the Treason wrought,
That, on vngenerous reason hath been grounded,
What euer fortune for a time doe fall,
Confusions shame will be the end of all.

Englands Joy.

Which shamefull end the God of endlesse glory,
Hath giuen the Rebels and their wicked friends:
While valiant *Mountioyes* noble victory,
Truth blowes abroad in fame that neuer ends.
While *Irish* shrugs, and *Spaniards* frownes doe proue,
The blisse of *England* in the heavens aboue.

What shall I saie! the *Irish* Rebels fled:
The *Spaniards* gone, with sorrow, shame and losse:
Tyrone I hope will shortly loose his head:
The *Spaniards* glad, to put vp all their crosses
Hath tane an oath, to hye them home to *Spaine*:
And neuer wish to bring their Armes againe.

This in the Rebelle, all hie ruins point:
The *Spaniard*, staying but a winde for *Spaine*:
Tyrone in houely daunger of a ioynt:
And *Ireland*s peace, I hope will growe againe:
God surely pleas'd in this worke of peace,
Where *Truth* shall flourish, and *Rebellion* cease.

God graunt it so, and in his Gracious hand:
Long blesse the daies, of our deere Soueraigne
And make her Empresse of this blessed land: (*Queene*:
Till no more land within the world be seene:
And make her Armies, euermore victorious:
And all her Kingdomes, in thy mercie glorious.


Englands Ioy. A


Blesse her Lord *Mount-ioy*, with that *Mount* of Ioy:
That Noble Truth, in truest Noblenesse: *ing dish*
May stand so stronge, as nothing may destroy: *olid W*
But, in the height of honours happinesse: *old dish T*
May by the vertue of best valour proued, *olid W*
Of God and man, be blessed and beloued. *olid on T*

Blesse all her armie with those fearelesse harts: *ad W*
That soone may bring the Rebelle in subiection: *ad T*
And make a iest of all those wooden dartes: *ad W*
That doe not loue a Steele coates complexion: *ad T*
And quaiethe harts, or cut off all the heads: *ad dish*
That so the pathe of proud Rebellion treads: *ad A*

Blesse all her Counsaile, and her faithfull friends: *T*
Court, Citties, Countries all in such a peace: *on T*
As all the world, that sees proude Traytors ends, *ad*
May cause the root, of all rebellion cease: *ad A*
Such peace, and plentie, loue, and concord send: *ad*
That we may sing thy Glorie without end. *ad W*

Blesse still I pray our gracious Soueraigne *Queene*: *ad*
With all the blessings of thy holy Grace: *ad dish*
And let it neuer in our Land be seene: *ad dish*
But in thy Mercie we may haue a place: *ad on list*
Nor *Mount-ioyes* fame die in obliuions penne: *ad A*
To all of these, all England say, *Amen*. *ad dish*


*For all Honourable, Vertuous, and Noble
spirited Lords, Ladies, and all other her Maie-
ties faithfull Subiects whatsoeuer,*

 *L faithfull Subiects of this blessed land,
That serue the only Angel of a Queene:
In whose true grace, & by whose gracious hand
The heavenly substance of her sexe is seene.
Let not your hearts, nor spirits cease to pray,
For her liues blessed euerlasting day.*

*For in her life liues all your happinesse,
She is the Sunne that lights your Element
Her Maiestie, your wonders worthinesse,
Her Vertue, your honours ornament.
Her Fauour, your best loyalties regard:
Her Grace, your seruice royallest reward.*

*Pray then, I say, and prayer neuer cease,
Vnto the God of all eternall glorie:
Her life, her health, her comfort to encrease,
To Englands honour, neuer ending storie.
That she may breathe an euerlasting breath,
And they may pine in hell, that with her death.*

A M E N.

R. V.